

Eighteen

Poems-

Plus-

One

A glitch in time.

**By
Diane
Morrow**

**Eighteen Poems - Plus - One
(1975-2002)**

A glitch in time

By Diane Morrow

Dedicated to: Firstly: Dylan, my son, and Denise,
my daughter Secondly: Frank, Madeline, John,
Grant, Richard, Catherine and Mary Beth: Thirdly: I
hadn't read Dylan Thomas' poetry until November
2002, but somehow I felt an affinity...

It turns out his first book of poetry was entitled
Eighteen Poems (1934) and it is to this poetic spirit
that I dedicate my first book of poetry.

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[glitch: flaw or defect in a machine or system. Really an
opportunity to view, see, approach, engage with
differently.]

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Front cover image: *glitch*
Chalk Drawing by Diane Morrow

Terra Firma Hut photo page23 by Diane Morrow

Armageddon

Just the other day
when I thought I was finally
getting a handle on things
I heard this "Charlie-guy" say
You'd better take care
because time was bustin'
just bustin' away.

Night

Day undressed
now wears its robe
of blackness.

Twinkled light
lonely stars
sprayed about
in sprinkled flight.

The gravity of day
gone down
to liquidated flow
honey of the sun did melt
in pot of blackest glow.

Once again, owl of peace
watch over beast
keep those at rest
safe from the jest
of light.

When to Applaud the Henry Moore, Even

Ooh, but to be in the gallery
room
should all you Henry Moore's
depart.
For, what potential energy you
hold
within your thighs and arms and calves and fists.

All you reclining female
nudes
whether 1 part, 2 part or strung together,
however,
If you even pretend to care, then I dare
you
to just raise yourselves and shake those puny walls to bits!

Only just strangers

Caught up, like in a whirlpool
of the sea
never gives you time to turn
around and look into me.
For me it's sad.
Because you don't know that
what you see
is only just a tiny fragment of
the whole of me.

tropical heat

Where small currents of almost tropical heat
flutter by gently
and light on my bare shoulders
and arms
but for a fleeting second,
and
the speed
of my movement
is too quick
for the looming heat waves to penetrate,
Only the perpetual sound of the
crickets
periodically comes to my attention
and beckons my futile glance.

I've had my share

I've had my share of "magic moments"
I'm in one now,
it's just so long it's taking me time
to enjoy it.

"Q"

That damn q
he's a pain in the wazoo
and I don't know what I'm gonna do
if he doesn't come to.

Lingering memory

They're playing baseball
in the field
tonight
grandpa.
I took a look
so you could have a glimpse
and tip your hat
Like that
Lingering memory.

The cat is on the prowl
you know
sometimes
he howls a lonely cry to you
he doesn't think you're gone
he never knew
that the sod upon your grave
that sod was new.

That Patch of Ground Beyond the Hemlock Lies Forever England

We said goodbye
the day before he died
I'll miss him very much
his touch
no longer near
it's the little things
so dear to me
that make me sad
he never failed
to make me in his presence
glad.
I see him now
with hat and coat and spade
in hand
staking out the garden that
for us he's planned.
His second love
next to his wife
was mother earth
She gave him life
now from his death
gives others birth.

Once again.

Strips of stylized mountain ranges
streaked by vibrant
pinks and emphasized by
off-sky-blue clouds
radiate from the central sun cloud
and transfer
light to my eyes.
Shadows to the sun,
a crimson sphere
slipping over
the far ridge
and dropping its weary eyelids
to the day.
once again.

The Dance

Old woman with
smiles
and leotards
shuffle your feet
to the signal on the bus
Tictic Tictic

Taptap taptap
she always knew
she should have been a dancer.

In the beginning ... there

In the beginning ... there
were a lot of trees.
That's because people,
adults included
climbed them everyday.

They just took the time
and climbed them.

As I see life reflected

Let it be said, again
that all things must pass
and as life goes on
I realize that today
is more important
than yesterday
Fate can not be left
to fend for its self.
It is the present that molds
the future.
And if I fail at now
I must try ever so hard for tomorrow.

My Friend Jerry

My friend Jerry had only seen
about 10 Halloweens
so he didn't really know
that for Christmas
there would be no snow.

again, it wasn't really a huge surprise
to those around him
when his caterpillar friend
burst out of his jar cocoon
in the middle of February.

Nothing two-thousand-and-one

Sometimes it seems like we are all
made of such fluff
as the clouds
fluff dust: in the dryer, in the corners, under the bed
at the base of the world trade centre.

In Memory of John Lennon

The day he died
the planet missed a global heartbeat.
Still, the shock, the disbelief
lingers on.

(He was too young to die
so why, why, why
did he have to die
why, why, why?)

Please, in the name of John,
put down your guns, your weapons
and let the joy return
happily ever.

Two Dead Guys

1999 has taken its toll
There are two dead guys that should still be here with us
Both of them fell through the cracks
of our humanity
and now they are dead.
There are lots more people
Who fell through cracks
as well.
The rest of us must work
maybe even furiously
at mending these cracks
and not letting a new millennium
just be the same old thing.

Fallen Tree 98

There is a wonderful huge fallen tree down by the river where some “homeless” people have their home in London, Ontario.

Well, it was their home back in August when the kids and I stumbled upon it completely unawares. Now, its November and the snow is threatening...

I hope they have the where-with-all to live off the flood plain.

I feel like that tree that is so magnificent and full of life that it has fallen and its roots, although mostly uprooted still nourish the far-away branches and leaf outcroppings.

Instead of stretching for the sky, it now stretches to extend its hold on the ground.

Fallen Tree Revisited ...

I returned to the tree site to take some photos for a mixed media construction of the tree. I was devastated. The tree had been bulldozed into an ad hoc erosion barrier and was hardly recognizable and the camp site was gone without a trace.

I went home and built a hut of curved branches lashed together in the centre and covered with a huge quilted cape of comforting fabric patches I had saved over the years.

I called it Terra Firma Hut and it occurred to me that it was a spiritual place because when I was constructing it, it became evident that grounding was critical, yet one of the most difficult design features of the construction. It also occurred to me that the branches, with their upward curves, were really fighting the whole grounding concept.

I haven't seen the Hut for five days and I wonder if it is slowly spinning itself clockwise on its clay footings, like it spun itself on the concrete floor in my basement workroom while it was still a work-in-progress.



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